



FEATURE

COMICS

MAY

STARRING
THE
DOLL MAN



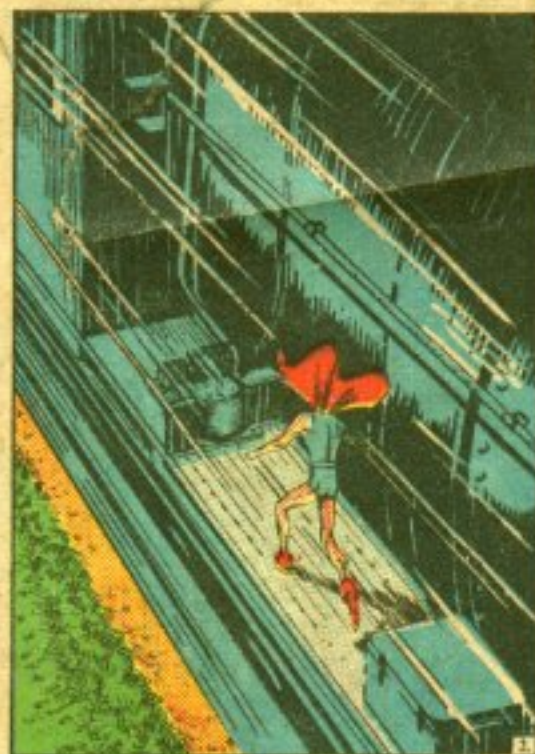


WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



THE TWENTIETH CENTURY LIMITED STREAKS ALONG ITS SILVER TRACKS...

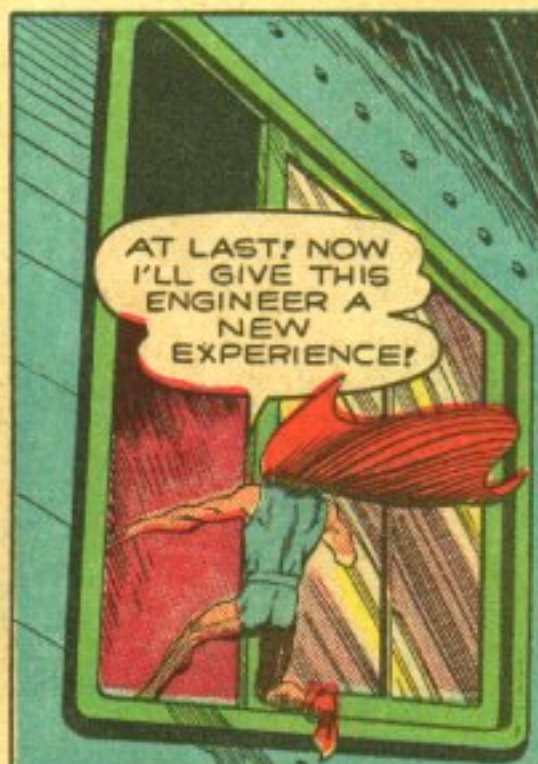






BOY, AND
THIS BABY'S
PLENTY
HOT!
OUCH!

TORTUROUSLY, THE DOLL MAN
MAKES HIS WAY OVER THE
STEAMING, THROBBING
BODY OF THE ENGINE . . .



AT LAST! NOW
I'LL GIVE THIS
ENGINE A
NEW
EXPERIENCE!

HE LEAPS DOWN ON THE
THROTTLE AND . . .



THE TRAIN SCREECHES TO A DEAD
STOP



WHAT IN BLUE
BLAZES?!

SORRY, BOGS!
HOLD HER HERE
A SEC.. I'LL
BE BACK!

THE DOLL MAN HOPS TO THE
TENDER AND CRAWLS NIMBLY
OVER THE COAL . . .



HE COMES UP IN "BLACK FACE".



YASSUH!

BUT LATER IN THE
BAGGAGE CAR... HE IS ONCE
MORE DARREL DANE...







IN A FLASH DANE HAS BECOME THE DOLL MAN.



DR. ROBERTS IS OFF LEAVING THE BRIEFCASE ON THE EMBANKMENT.



SOON A MOTORCYCLE CHUGS UP THE ROAD.



AND THE CASE IS HITCHED TO THE BOUNCING VEHICLE.



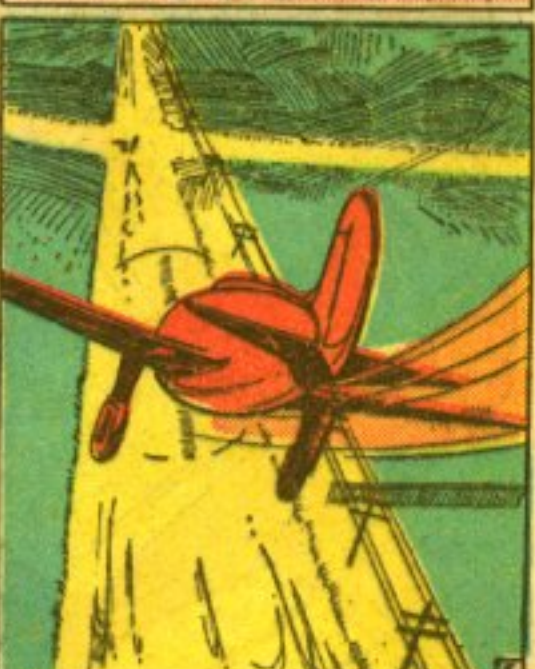
THE DOLL MAN GETS HIS BUMPS.



OUT OF THE CLOUDS, A PLANE ROARS DOWN TO THE HIGHWAY.



IT HEADS STRAIGHT FOR THE CYCLIST.



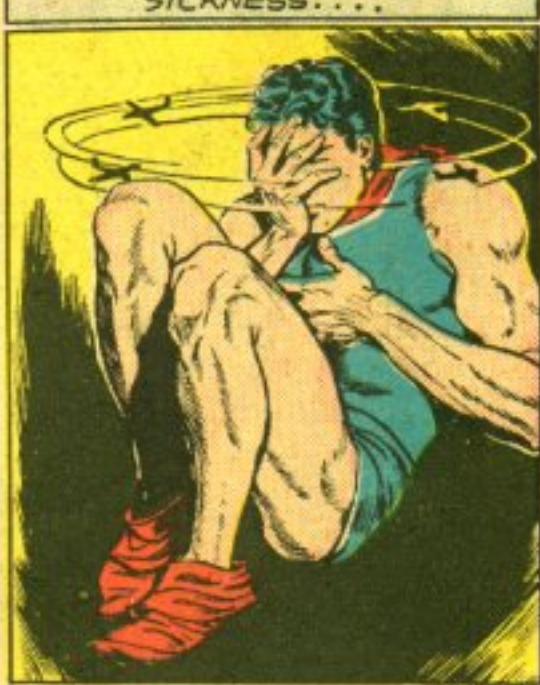
A HOOK IS DROPPED, AND THE BAG SWUNG ALOFT. . .



TWIRLING DIZZILY, THE BAG IS HAULED TO THE PLANE. . .



AND THE DOLL MAN LEARNS THE FIRST PANGS OF AIR-SICKNESS. . .



HERE IT IS.. OPEN UP.. AND SEE IF ANY OF THE PAPERS ARE MISSING!



THE BAG IS PULLED INTO THE PLANE

WHAT?



GOLLY! I DON'T WANT TO BE CAUGHT YET! I'LL TAKE THE WELL KNOWN POWDER!



HE SPRINGS TO A SAFE PLACE ON A WING. . .

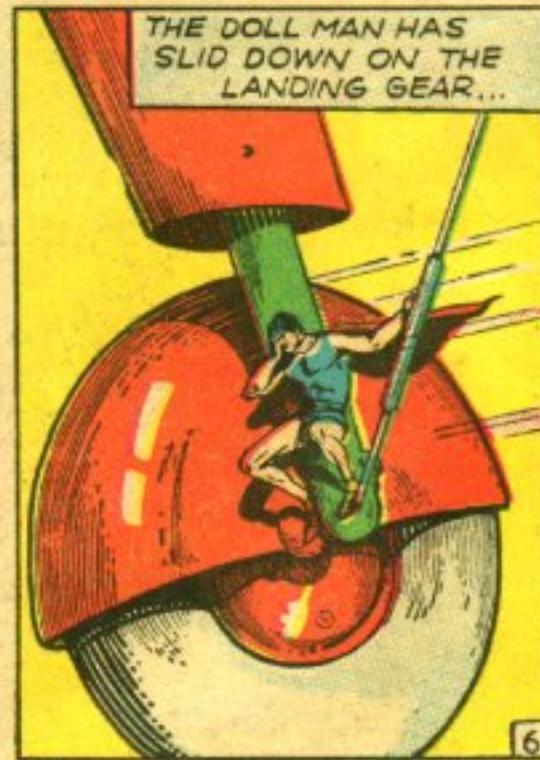


ER.. SCHULTZ? YOU SEE WHAT I THOUGHT I SAW? OR...

HUH? I-I'M NOT SURE!



THE DOLL MAN HAS SLID DOWN ON THE LANDING GEAR...





AND THE PILOTS HEAD FOR AN OLD RAMSHACKLE HOUSE...



UNSEEN, THE DOLL MAN HOPS TO A WINDOW SILL...





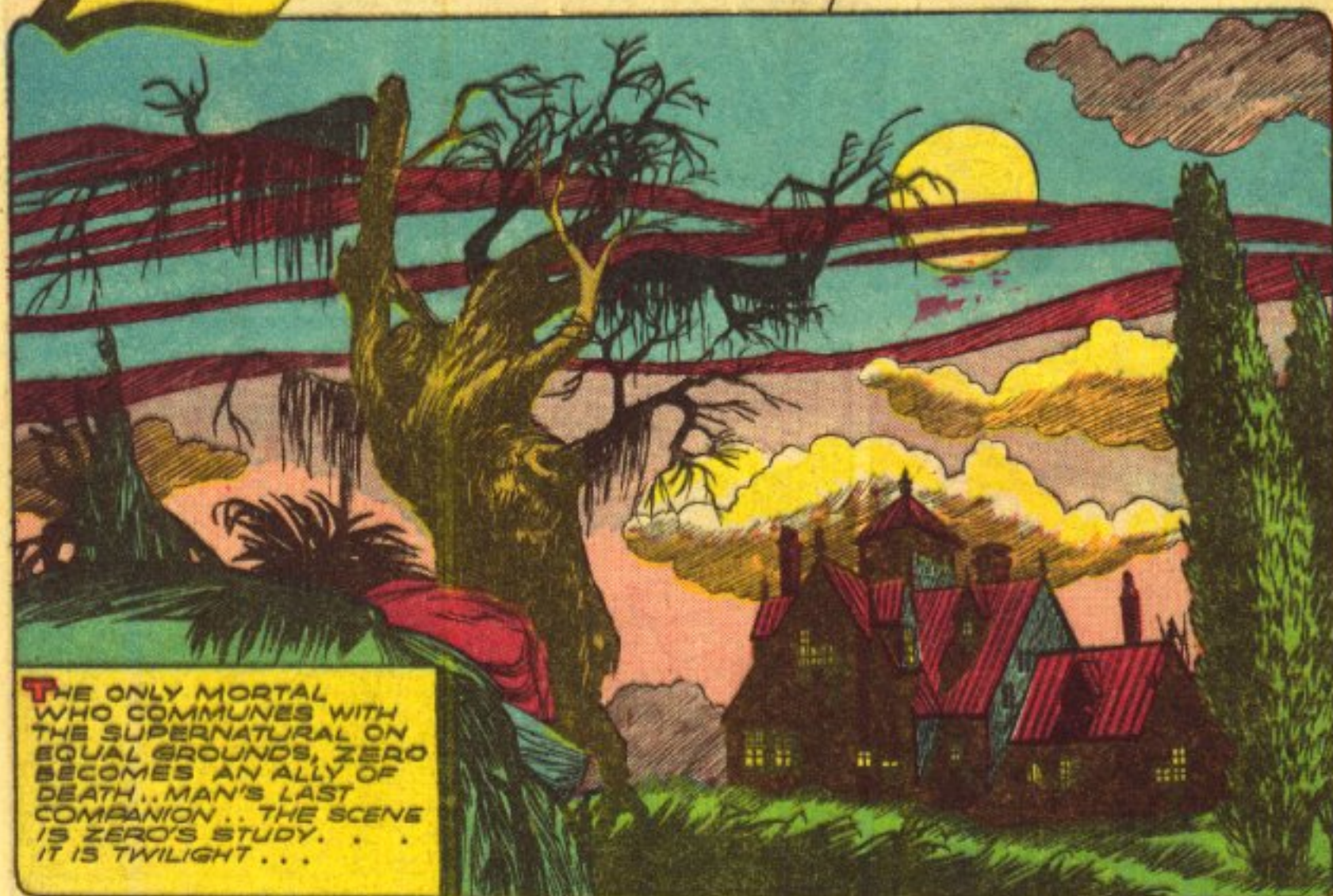


Another amazing adventure of The Doll Man in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS.

ZERO

GHOST DETECTIVE

By Noel Fowler





THE GHOST WEARS THE
UNIFORM OF THE FOREIGN
LEGION.. ZERO FOLLOWS
ON A SWIFT SUPERNATUR-
AL ROUTE TO THE VAST
REACHES OF THE SAHARA...



A ROVING BAND OF BED-
OUINS STANDS OVER
WOUNDED DESERT
SOLDIERS..



ONE YOUTH TRIES TO ESCAPE.

BY ALLAH! YOU
DIE, DOG OF A
FOREIGNER!



JUST A MINUTE.. WE'LL
MAKE A DEAL.. WHAT
IS YOUR PRICE FOR
THIS LAD?



BAH! I DO NOT SELL
AN ENEMY.. I AMUSE
MYSELF BY TORTURING
HIM!



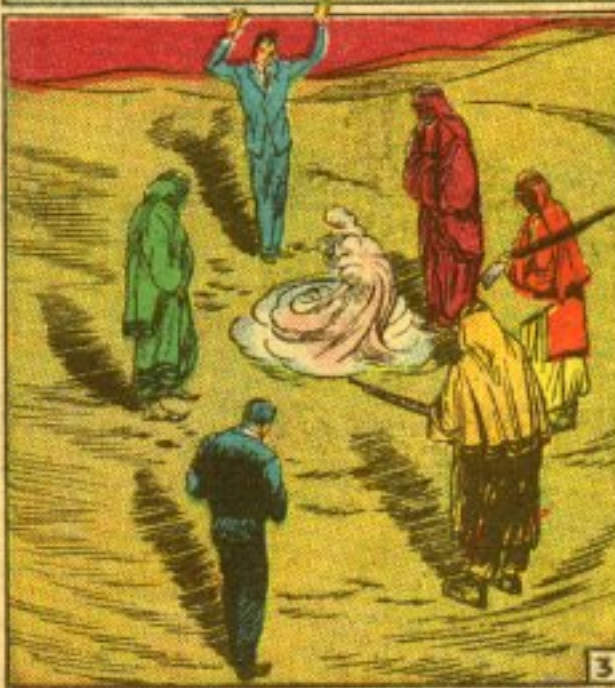
IF YOU WON'T
LISTEN TO REASON
PERHAPS THIS
WILL CONVINCE
YOU!



ZERO TRACES A RING IN
THE SAND.. A MAGIC
CIRCLE..



BEFORE THE STARTLED
ARABS, HE GESTURES..



AND GIBBERING DANCING SPIRITS WHIRL UP FROM THE DUST.



THE OTHER ARABS ARE STRICKEN DUMB WITH TERROR..THEY FLEE.



AGAIN ZERO TREADS THE MYSTIC ROAD BEHIND THE SPECTRE





REYNOLDS OF THE MOUNTED

ADA
PINA/MW



IN THE FROZEN AND DESOLATE REGION OF THE NORTHWEST, SERGEANT JIM REYNOLDS AND CONSTABLE HAPPY BENTON COURAGEOUSLY FACE DEATH AS THEY SEARCH FOR A LOST INDIAN TRIBE, IN THEIR STRUGGLE WITH THE SELF-STYLED **KING OF THE BARRENS!**

IT IS A CLEAR NIGHT AS A DOGSLED HALTS BEFORE FORT ENDURANCE.....

HELLO UP THERE, RAWSON! OPEN YOUR GATES!



SUDDENLY A SHOT RINGS OUT FROM THE STOCKADE.....

DUCK!

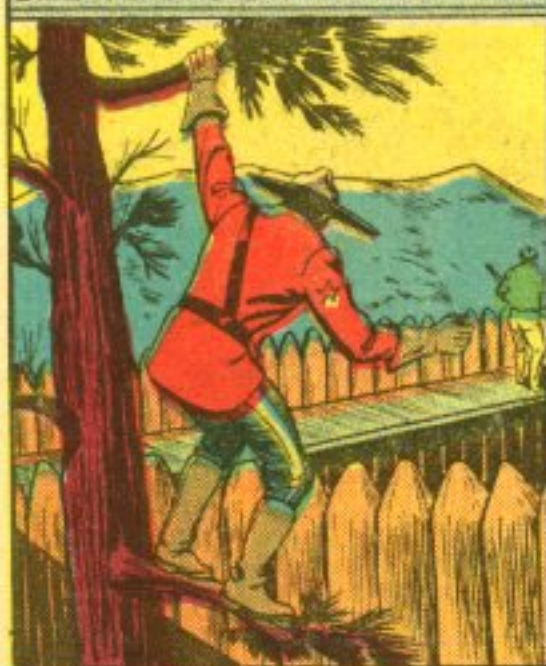


I'M THE LAW HERE — AND I'M NOT OPENING FOR ANY MEDDLING REDCOATS... NOW GIT, OR I'LL PLUG BOTH OF YA!!

GET HIS ATTENTION, HAPPY... I'M GOING TO TRY SOMETHING —



FROM A TALL TREE REYNOLDS
SILENTLY DROPS ONTO THE STOCKADE



AS RAWSON WATCHES BENSON
INTENTLY, HE DOES NOT HEAR
REYNOLD'S APPROACHING



WHEN HE DOES IT IS TOO LATE!



CATCH HIM, HAPPY-MR.
RAWSON HAS DECIDED TO
PUT OUT THE WELCOME
SIGN AFTER ALL-I'LL
COME DOWN AND OPEN
THE GATES!!



LATER
HMM-TWO YEARS AGO AN
INDIAN NAMED CANUA AND
SOME OF HIS TRIBE DISAPPEARED
INTO THE BARRENS... NOW
RAWSON TRIES TO PREVENT
US FROM ENTERING HIS FORT
AND TALKING WITH THE REST OF
THE TRIBE WHO LIVE HERE...
WHAT'S HE AFRAID OF AND
WHERE DOES HE FIT IN?



SUDDENLY A SHADOW FALLS
ACROSS REYNOLDS....



WITH A LIGHTNING MOVE, THE
MOUNTIE GRABS THE WRIST OF
THE KILLER...



GREAT SCOTT!
AN INDIAN
GIRL... YES-I AM RED
DEER-RAWSON
SAID HE WOULD STARVE
MY PEOPLE IF I
DID NOT KILL
YOU....



FUNNY...ONE
MINUTE YOU
WOULD HAVE
KNIFED ME,
AND THE OTHER-
BENSON!



AT THE CRACK OF DAWN REYNOLDS AND HAPPY BENSON TAKE UP THE TRAIL....



LATE THAT NIGHT THEY ENTER THE BARRENS AND MAKE CAMP...



SUDDENLY AT A GIVEN SIGNAL SEVERAL FIGURES SPRING OUT OF THE DARKNESS....



THE MOUNTIES FIGHT VALIANTLY BUT THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT...



THE TWO MOUNTIES ARE TAKEN TO THE LAIR OF BLACKIE RAWSON, KING OF THE BARRENS...

LOOK, COPPERS! HERE'S CANUA, THE MAN YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR— HE AND HIS TRIBE WORK FOR ME!!

WORK? YOU MEAN SLAVE, RAWSON!!

SO WHAT? THIS PLACE IS A FUR PARADISE...THEY'RE WORTH MILLIONS—I SHIP THEM TO ALASKA AND THENCE TO THE STATES...I GET THEM FOR NOTHING AND SELL THEM FOR MYSELF!! SOME PROFIT, EH? HAHahaha!!!

WHY YOU--- I'LL....

LIKE A FLASH RAWSON DRAWS A WHIP FROM BEHIND HIS THRONE...

AS BENSON STRUGGLES.....

THEY ARE LED TO A RIDGE OVERLOOKING A VALLEY.....

LOOK, FOOLS!! CARIBOU! YOU'LL BE TRAMPLED TO DEATH BY THEIR HOOFs....

REVIVE HIM! WE'LL SEE HOW BRAVE THESE TWO MOUNTIES ARE!

THEY ARE PUSHED IN WITH THE HERD.....

FROM A HILLTOP THERE IS A BOOMING OF TOM-TOMS WHICH THROW THE HERD INTO A FRENZY

THIS LOOKS LIKE THE END, SERGEANT!

STEADY, FELLA... THERE'S STILL A SLIM CHANCE! QUICK—GET IN THIS LEDGE!!

UNNOTICED, A FIGURE CREEPS TOWARD THE BARRIER WHICH HEMS THE DEER IN...



THE BARRIER DOWN, THE HERD THUNDERS OUT OF THE VALLEY, CARRYING RAWSON'S MEN IN ITS WAKE....



AS RED DEER TURNS TO RUN.....

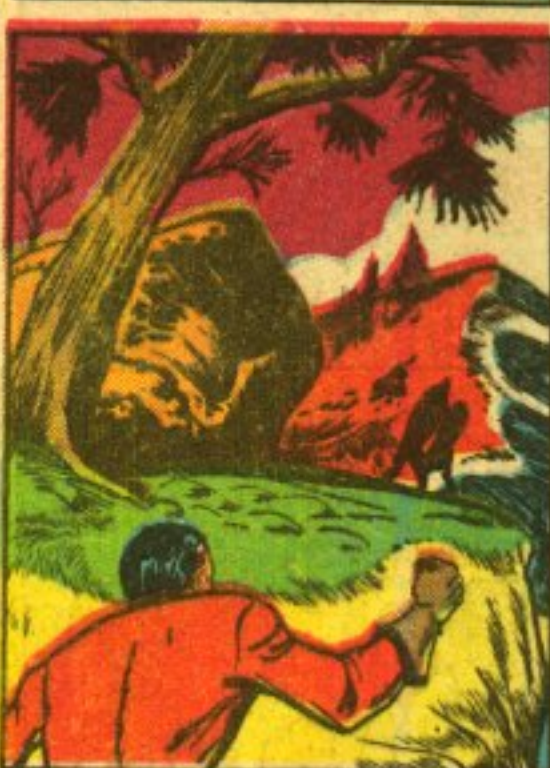


WE'RE SAVED, SERGEANT! THEY'RE ALL GONE!!

GREAT SCOTT! LOOK! RAWSON'S GOT RED DEER!



FIGHTING AGAINST TIME THE TWO RUSH UP THE HILL....



YOU LOW RAT!!



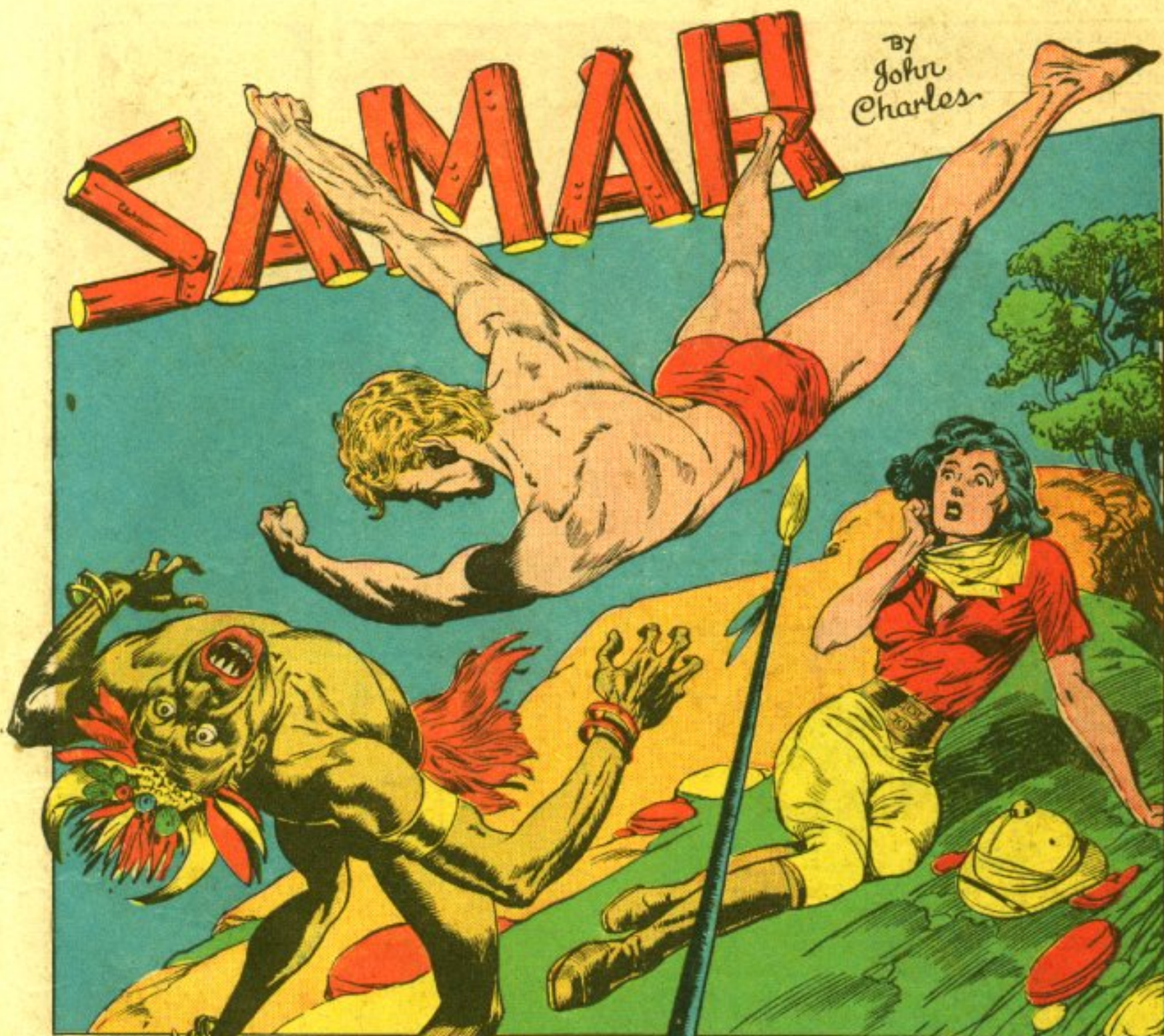
THAT FINISHES THE KING OF THE BARRENS! NOW YOUR PEOPLE CAN GO BACK TO THEIR OWN WORK AND CUSTOMS, RED DEER!

YES-BUT THIS CUSTOM OF THE WHITE MAN IS A MUCH MORE PLEASANT SIGN OF FRIENDSHIP THAN THE NOSE-RUBBING OF MY PEOPLE!!



Read Reynolds of The Mounted in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS.

By
John
Charles.



THE THROBBING BEAT OF SAVAGE DRUMS PULSATES THROUGHOUT THE JUNGLE.

IN THE FOREST'S REMOTEST DEPTH, SAMAR HEARS THE WILD ECHOES.

SEEKING INFORMATION HE GOES TO HIS PEACEFUL NEIGHBORS, THE OBANDI. TO HIS HORROR, A BLOOD-CHILLING WAR DANCE IS AT THE HEIGHT OF ITS LUSTY FURY.

THOSE ARE WAR DRUMS! I MUST FIND OUT WHY..



THE EBONY DANCERS STOP SHORT AS SAMAR LEAPS INTO THEIR MIDST.



WHY DO YOU MAKE WAR AFTER SO MANY MOONS OF PEACE, OH CHIEF?

WHITE MAN BRING EVIL TO FOREST... WE DRIVE HIM OUT.. KILL! KILL!



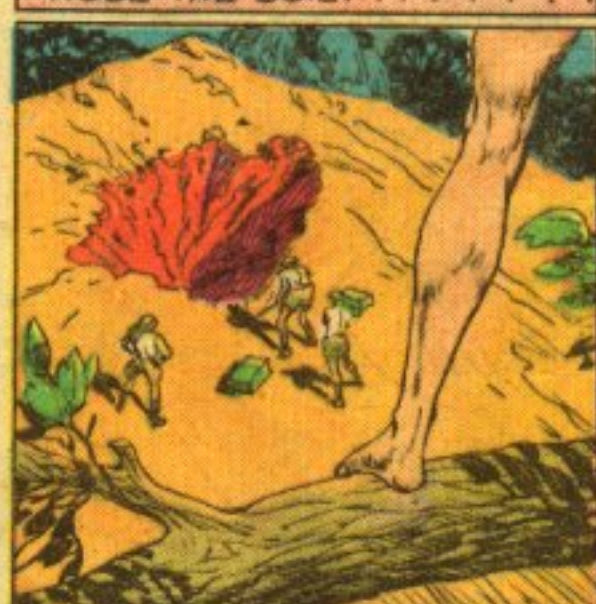
SUDDENLY FROM ACROSS THE VELDTS COMES A TERRIFYING EXPLOSION..



WHAT'S THAT? IT CAME FROM THIS DIRECTION!



BELOW, PITH-HELMETTED WHITES STAND OVER A GAPING DYNAMITE HOLE.. CAREFULLY THEY PROBE THE SOIL..



ONE OF THEM TURNS ABRUPTLY.. HE SPOTS SAMAR..



GET HIM, FLINT!

THEY'RE HIDING SOMETHING OR THEY WOULDN'T SHOOT AT ME!



THE MEN RETURN TO THEIR KRAAL, NOT KNOWING THAT A CAUTIOUS FIGURE LURKS BEHIND THEM..



INSIDE A SMALL SHACK, A STRANGELY ASSORTED COMPANY HOLDS A CONVERSATION..



NEVERTHELESS, MY FATHER CAME HERE FROM AMSTERDAM TO APPRAISE DIAMONDS. WE DIDN'T BARGAIN FOR YOUR UNSCRUPULOUS METHODS.. IT'S CRUEL.. IT'S BARBARIC?



QUIETLY SAMAR ENTERS. . . .

THE LADY IS RIGHT! MAKE PEACE WITH THE NATIVES OR LOSE YOUR HEADS?



THAT NIGHT...



BUT THE FATHER TRAILS THROUGH THE FOREST IN SEARCH OF HIS DAUGHTER. . . .

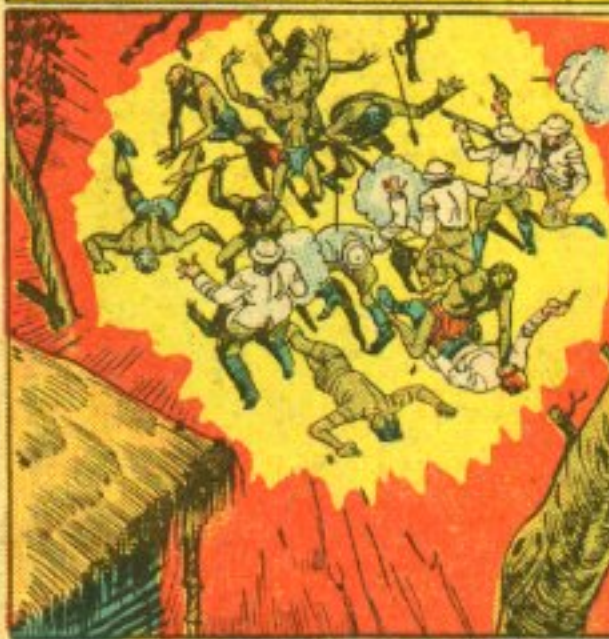


SUDDENLY.. A CHILLING SNARL...





THE WHITE MEN'S KRAAL IS A SHAMBLES OF BLOODY SLAUGHTER..THE FOREIGNERS ARE AT THE TRIBESMEN'S MERCY. . . .



SAMAR DIVES INTO THE FRAY AS AN ALLY OF THE NATIVES. .



IN THE HEIGHT OF THE BATTLE
THE OBANDI CHIEF FALLS
WOUNDED. . . VICTIM OF A
WHITE MAN'S BULLET.



NOW I'LL GET YOU,
YOU BLACK-HIDED
SNAKE!



BUT.

NO
YOU
DON'T!



THE CHIEF
IS MY
FRIEND!

SOCK



G-GOLLY!
LOOK AT
THAT!

WE GIVE UP!
WE CAN'T
FIGHT THIS
ONE-MAN
ARMY!



LEAVING THE WHITES IN
CUSTODY OF NATIVES,
SAMAR CARRIES THE CHIEF
THROUGH THE TREES.



JUST AS THE FATAL DAGGER IS
POISED TO PLUNGE.

CHIEF COME BACK!
NOW YOU NO
DIE!



THAT NIGHT THE OBANDI TRIBE CELE-
BRATES. . . PEACE SPREADS THROUGH
THE FOREST.



NOW THAT SCORE IS
SETTLED. . . I CAN GO
BACK TO MY OWN PART
OF THE
JUNGLE!



Another smashing installment of Samar in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS.

Captain BRUCE BLACKBURN

COUNTERSPY

in FEAR, INC.

by HARRY FRANCIS CAMPBELL

CAPTAIN BRUCE BLACKBURN, ACE OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, IS A MEMBER OF THE ANTI-AMERICAN BAND. WHEN HE GOES INTO ACTION, JACKSON, HIS DOUBLE, TAKES HIS PLACE.

I TELL YOU THAT LEAK IS FROM OUR DRAFTING ROOM, COLONEL!



BRUCE, ANOTHER LEAK FROM THE DRAFTING ROOM, PLUG IT!



OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

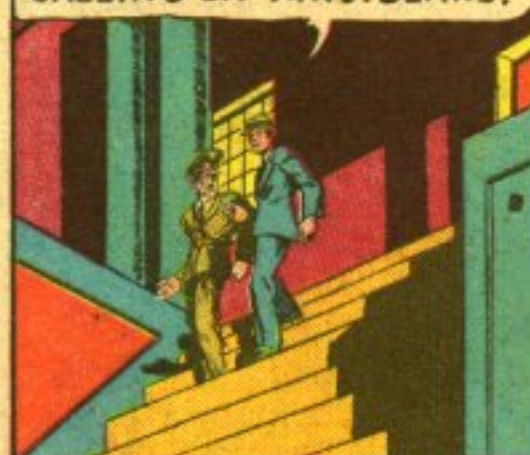
I'LL TRY, COLONEL JORDAN!

ANY ALIENS IN THE DRAFTING ROOM?



NO, BUT ONE DRAFTSMAN, BLAKE, HAS A WIFE WHO WAS BORN IN THE HOMELAND

COME ON, COLONEL, WE'RE CALLING ON MRS. BLAKE!



NO, COLONEL, YOU **MUST NOT BLAME MY HUSBAND!** HE TALKS IN HIS SLEEP. THUS I GOT THE THINGS I TOLD THE HOMELAND AGENTS!

DO YOU **REALIZE** YOU'RE A **TRAITOR**, MRS. BLAKE?



LATER AT THE BLAKE HOME

YES, BUT THE **OTHER ALTERNATIVE** - IS WORSE!

WHAT OTHER ALTERNATIVE?



ALREADY I HAVE TALKED TOO MUCH! DO WHAT YOU WILL, I CAN SAY NO MORE!

I SHOULD **ARREST YOU!**



BETTER NOT, COLONEL, COME ON! I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING!

O.K., BRUCE. BUT—



COLONEL, THAT WOMAN IS **DEATHLY AFRAID OF SOMETHING!** IF I CAN FIND OUT WHAT, IT'S MY BELIEF WE'LL BE AT THE ROOT OF A **WHOLESALE LEAK**.. SHE MAY LEAD US TO IT!

PLAY IT **YOUR WAY**, BRUCE!



LUCK IS WITH BRUCE, FOR
IN THE NEXT DAY'S PAPER

SAY! THIS IS SOMETHING!



ARE YOUR
RELATIVES
IN THE
HOMELAND?

IF THEY ARE, WE WILL
HELP YOU TO GET
THEM INTO THE
UNITED STATES.

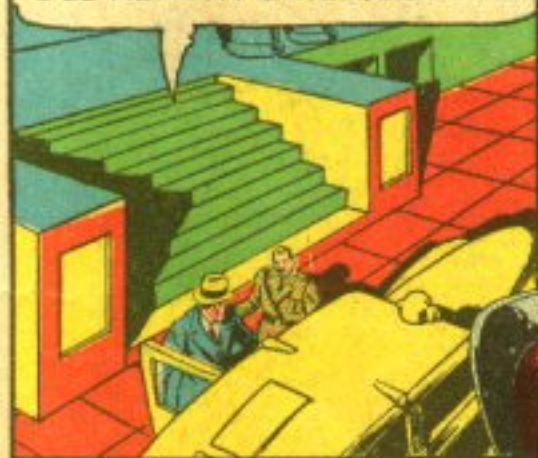
Inquire
HOMELAND TRAVEL CO.
322 MORTON ST.



I'LL BET THAT'S THE
ANSWER! I'LL FIND OUT!
I'M GOING TO BE OTTO
BLACK, WHOSE PARENTS
ARE STILL IN THE
HOMELAND!



322 MORTON ST., DRIVER!
I'LL REPORT LATER, COLONEL.



LATER, IN THE TRAVEL BUREAU

SO, HERR BLACK, YOU WORK
IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT!
THAT MAY SPEED UP THINGS
FOR YOUR PARENTS — IF

IF WHAT,
HERR
SILBER?



IF, LET US SAY, YOU SHOULD
TELL US THINGS OF WORTH
TO OUR SECRET SERVICE!
OTHERWISE
YOUR PARENTS —

WHY NOT?

THE PHONE,
HERR
SILBER.



MEANWHILE, BRUCE'S
LATE TAXI DRIVER —

HERR SILBER, OPERATIVE
X77 REPORTING I JUST TOOK
AN AMERICAN SECRET SERVICE
MANTO YOUR BUILDING. 6 FT.
TALL, 175 POUNDS, DARK—



SO, SPV, YOU WOULD TRICK
SILBER, PUT UP YOUR
HANDS!



WHAT SLIPPED UP?

ALPINE



IN THERE, UNTIL OUR
OPERATIVE WHO DROVE
YOU HERE, ARRIVES.

THE TAXI DRIVER!
THEIR SPIES ARE
EVERYWHERE!



TAKEN TO THE BASEMENT
AT THE POINT OF A GUN.

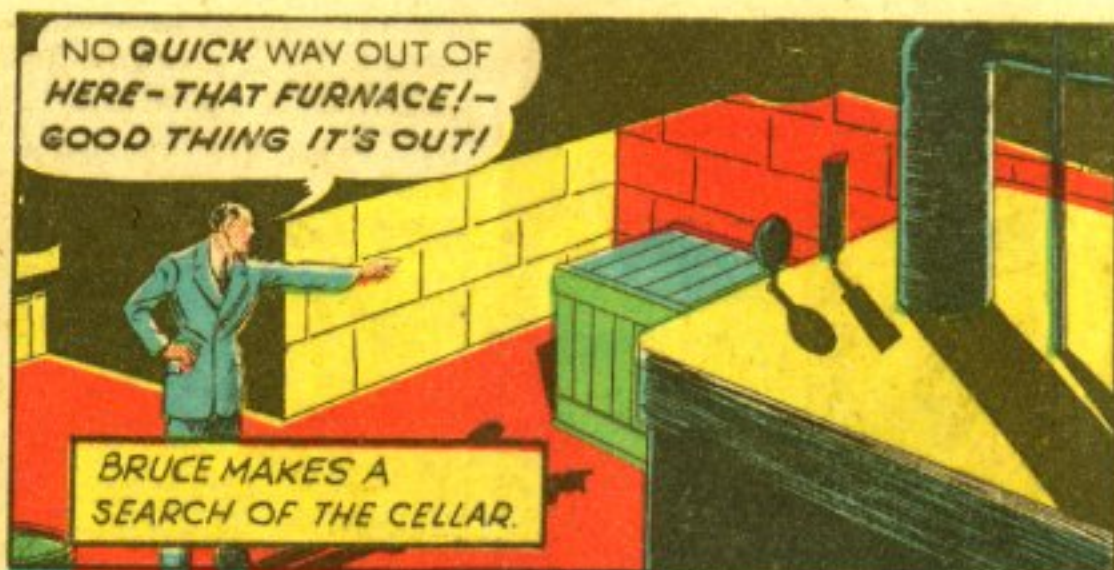
AND IF HE IDENTIFIES YOU—

YOU KILL
ME, RIGHT?





LIKE A **FLY** WE KILL YOU,
YES! WE LOCK YOU IN,
YOU CAN
NOT ESCAPE,
I WILL BE
BACK!



NO **QUICK** WAY OUT OF
HERE-THAT FURNACE!-
GOOD THING IT'S OUT!

BRUCE MAKES A
SEARCH OF THE CELLAR.



YES, IT HAS AN **AIR INTAKE**
FROM THE **OUTSIDE!**



THIS **SHOE** BEHIND THIS
CRATE HERE—



WITH THIS **CAN** ON
TOP OF IT, SO—



—AND THIS **STRING**
TIED TO IT!



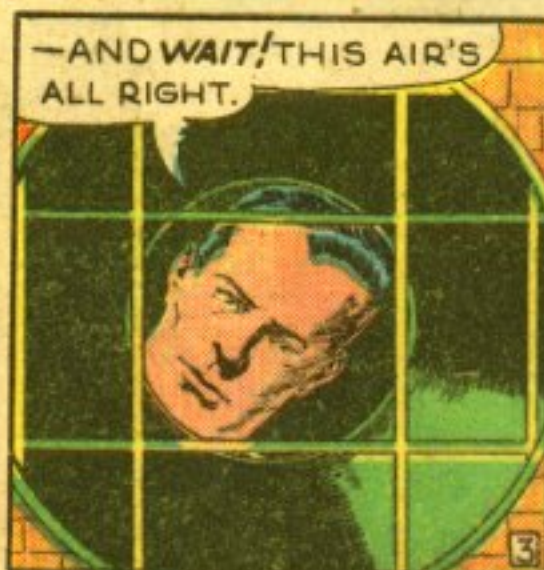
NOW, WE'LL **OPEN THE**
GAS JETS WIDE—



—CRAWL INTO THE
FURNACE WITH MY
STRING—



—BREATHE THRU THIS
AIR INTAKE—



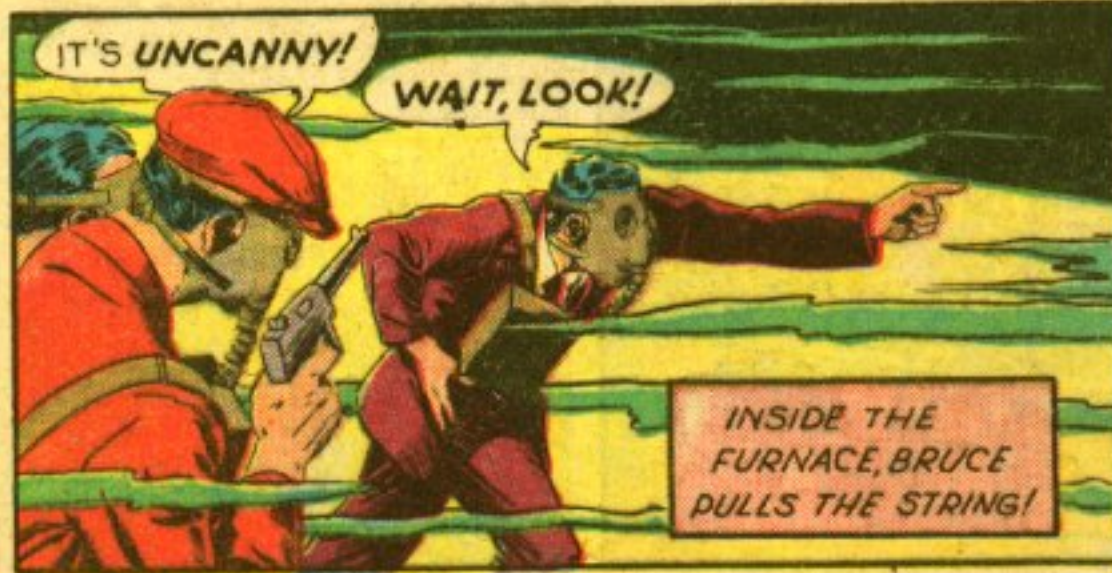
—AND **WAIT!** THIS AIR'S
ALL RIGHT.

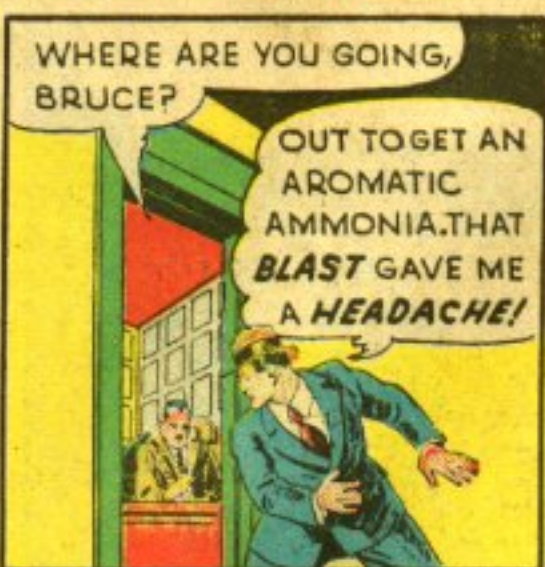


HERR SILBER! WHERE
IS HE? THE SPY!

IN THE
CELLAR, X77!
COME!

THE TAXI
DRIVER ARRIVES







FIVE O'CLOCK, AND LINDEN, A GOVERNMENT DRAFTSMAN, IS THROUGH WITH HIS DAY'S WORK.



SUDDENLY OUT OF THE DARK USA'S TORCH LIGHTS UP THE CORRIDOR, THEN DISAPPEARS IN A FLASH.



HAD ME WORRIED FOR A MOMENT... I STILL GOT THE PLANS... THEY'RE WORTH FIVE GRAND TO UNGER.





IN THE MEANTIME USA ENTERS THE DRAFTSMAN'S OFFICE...



UNGER ADDRESSES HIS HENCHMEN



UNGER'S MARAUDERS DO A THOROUGH JOB IN THE PLANT.







AS LINDEN TRIES TO BURN THE BLUEPRINTS, THE LIGHTED MATCH TOUCHES OFF THE ALARM.



USA QUICKLY RECOVERS THE PAPERS.



THE BOILER ROOM OF THE PLANT.



IN UNGER'S OFFICE, USA'S SEARCH BRINGS RESULTS.



THESE SUSPICIOUS WAR DEPT. WORKERS ARE PLAYING WITH FIRE... AND THAT'S UNCLE SAM.



LATER... USA HAS PHONED THE POLICE





USA, The Spirit of Old Glory, will thrill you in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS.



Rusty Ryan

by Paul Gustafson

OF BOYVILLE



WOW, SMILEY! IT SURE IS HOT TONIGHT!

YOU SAID IT.. IT'S ALMOST 85° IN HERE!



I WONDER HOW MAD CAPPY WOULD BE IF HE KNEW WE WENT UP TO THE OLD QUARRY FOR A SWIM?

BUT WE'VE NEVER SWAM THERE!



I KNOW... BUT WE'RE GOING TO.. NOW!

BOY! WAIT'LL I GET MY BATHING TRUNKS!



DOWN THE VINES.. NO ONE WILL HEAR US!

RUSTY, YOU'RE A GENIUS!



A SHORT TIME LATER, RUSTY AND SMILEY ARE AT THE SWIMMING HOLE IN THE OLD QUARRY..



GREAT.. HUH?

AN' HOW!



HEY, RUSTY! THERE'S A CAR STOPPING OVER THERE!

DUCK BEHIND THESE ROCKS.. MIGHT BE THE SHERIFF!



IT'S NOT THE SHERIFF'S CAR.. LOOK.. FOUR MEN ARE GETTING OUT!



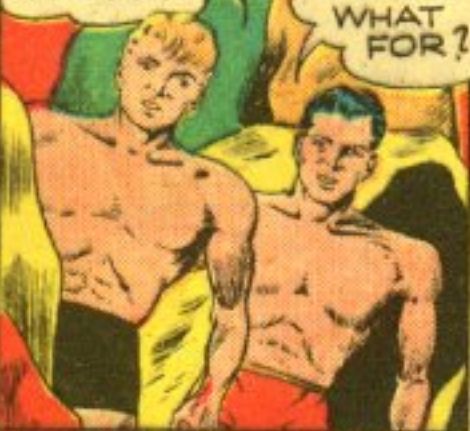
COME BACK ABOUT TWELVE, RICKIE!

OKAY!

C'MON, SHAKE A LEG! SOMEBODY MIGHT PASS HERE AND SPOT US!



THEY'RE PUTTING ON DIVING SUITS TO GO INTO THE QUARRY!



WONDER WHAT FOR?

THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT!



ME TOO!

DIVING DOWN, RUSTY AND SMILEY SEE THE FOUR MEN ENTER A LARGE HOLE IN THE WALL OF THE QUARRY...



THEY FOLLOW...



COMING UP IN A DRY CAVERN INSIDE THE ROCKS...



THEY'VE GOT MACHINERY IN THERE...

THIS SURE IS A SWELL HIDEOUT FOR TH' PRESS!



YEP!

HERE'S TH' PLATES..WE GOTTA RUN OFF A HUNDRED GRAND OR TWO, FOR MIKE PASSELLO, ON TH' WEST COAST!



HOLY SMOKES! COUNTERFEITERS!



WOW! C'MON..WE'RE HEADING FOR TH' SHERIFF!

HEY! DID'JA HEAR THAT SPLASH?

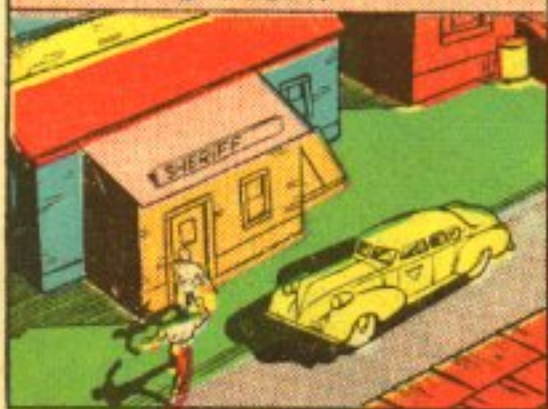


YEAH..I'M WORRIED!

YOU GUYS IS NUTS..IT WAS PROBABLY A FISH... THERE'S LOTSA BIG ONES IN THERE!



A SHORT TIME LATER..RUSTY AND SMILEY HAVE REACHED THE NEARBY TOWN.. THEY RUSH INTO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE..



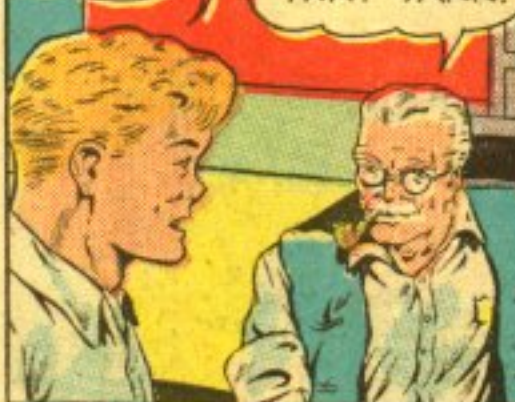
ALL WET.. BEEN RUNNING.. WELL, WHAT SWIMMIN' HOLE DID'JA FALL INTO?



N-NOTHING LIKE YOU THINK MR. GOSS.. WE RAN INTO A BUNCH OF COUNTERFEITERS!



IN A CAVERN.. AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OLD QUARRY!



ARE YOU TRYING TO KID ME WITH THAT YARN!

IT'S TRUE! SOMEONE IS GOING TO MEET THEM AT TWELVE! C'MON!



OH.. ALL RIGHT! WAIT'LL I GET MY DEPUTY!

REACHING THE QUARRY THEY SEE THE COUNTERFEITER'S CAR, AND TWO MEN STANDING NEAR IT...



HEY! WHO'S CAR IS THAT?



IT'S ME... THE SHERIFF!

COPS! I GOTTA WARN JOCK!



MAKE IT SNAPPY, AN' TAKE THIS PHONEY DOUGH WITH YA.. I'LL GET RID OF 'EM!

WHERE'S THE OTHER GUY THAT WAS HERE?



YOU MUSTA BEEN SEEING THINGS! I'VE BEEN STANDING HERE THINKING ABOUT PAINTING THIS SCENE AT NIGHT!

HE'S LYING! HE'S ONE OF THEM COUNTERFEITERS!



HA-HA! THAT'S A JOKE!

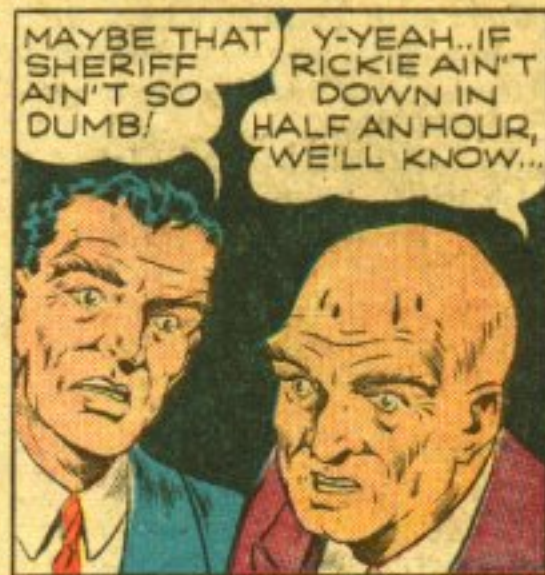
YEAH? HOW ABOUT THAT DIVING SUIT IN YOUR CAR?



IS THERE A LAW AGAINST OWNING ONE?



NO! BUT THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW AGAINST BOYS WHO DRAG SHERIFFS ON WILD GOOSE CHASES!



DUSTY DANE

by
VERNON
HENKEL

TWO ADVENTURING SEAMEN, DUSTY DANE AND BIG MIKE CARDIGAN, ARE IN BAGDAD WITH NOTHING TO DO... SO THEY SET OUT IN SEARCH OF SOME EXCITEMENT!!

IT IS EARLY MORNING AS THEY WANDER ALONG THE DOCKS OF THE RIVER TIGRIS.. THE ONLY HUMAN SOUND IS THE WAIL OF AN ANCIENT BEGGAR...

ALMS!

WITHOUT WARNING A RAT-FACED ARAB ATTACKS THE OLD MAN.

GIVE ME THE MAP, AGED ONE!

HAI!! ALLAH PRESERVE ME!

...AND A MOMENT LATER FLEES, WITH A PACKET CLUTCHED IN HIS GRIMY HAND.

THIEF! THIEF!

DUSTY..LOOK! THAT GUY ROBBED THAT OLD BEGGAR!

YEAH! COME ON!

UNABLE TO ESCAPE THEM, THE ROBBER TURNS.. A KNIFE SHINES IN HIS HAND..

...BUT SWIFTER THAN A STRIKING COBRA IS DUSTY'S READY FIST

KNOCKED OUT! BOY.. WHAT A WALLOP YOU PACK!

THIS'LL WAKE HIM UP!

HIS OILSKIN POUCH!... WONDER WHAT'S IN IT!

WE'LL SOON KNOW.. HERE COMES THE OLD MAN!



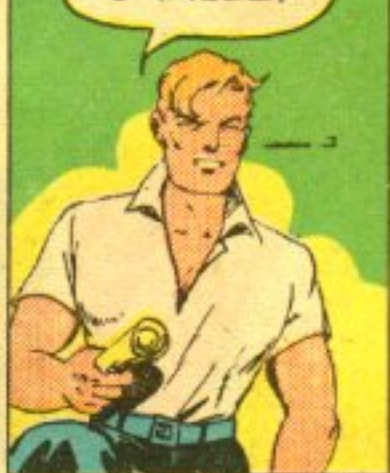
...AND SO, WHEN DUSTY ENTERS THE OPEN SEA, ANOTHER BOAT FOLLOWS



I STILL THINK THE OLD BOY'S A LITTLE DAFT.. THIS SINBAD STUFF IS JUST A FAIRY TALE.. WE'RE WASTING OUR TIME!



LISTEN, MIKE.. EVERY FAIRY TALE HAS SOME BASIS OF FACT BEHIND IT! ANYWAY THIS IS WORTH THE GAMBLE!



FOR THREE DAYS THEY SAIL DUE SOUTH.. THEN..

THERE'S THE ISLAND! NOW ARE YOU CONVINCED?

NOT UNTIL I GET ME MITTS ON THEM DIAMONDS!



BULLDOG TEETERS KEENLY WATCHES THEIR EVERY MOVE..

THEY'VE REACHED THE ISLAND! AS SOON AS THEY SHOW US THE WAY THRU THOSE BLOOMIN' REEFS, WE'LL LAND!



STRAIGHT INTO THE BOOMING SURF DRIVES DUSTY'S SHIP.. INTO A WELTER OF FROTH AND FOAM WHICH BREAKS LIKE THUNDER OVER THE RAZOR-SHARP ROCKS!



ON THIS NEXT SWELL, DROP 'ER HARD TO PORT, DUSTY AND...



WITH A LURCH THE SHIP RAISES OVER THE ROCKS WHERE IT SEEMS TO HANG.. THEN IT DROPS DOWN SAFELY ON THE OTHER SIDE...



BLIMEY! GOIN' THRU THERE IS LIKE THREADIN' A CRAZY NEEDLE! BUT I'VE BEEN ON THE TRAIL O' THAT MAP TOO LONG TO TURN BACK NOW!



PROVING TO BE AS GOOD A SEAMAN AS HE IS A ROGUE, TEETERS ALSO MAKES HIS WAY IN..



MEANWHILE.. ON SHORE

THE ENTRANCE TO THE VALLEY OF DIAMONDS IS BETWEEN THOSE TWO PEAKS!



THRU A NARROW CANYON THEY GO.. DOWN INTO THE FABULOUS VALLEY

YIPPEE! LOOK! DIAMONDS AS BIG AS YOUR FIST! WE'RE RICH!



TEETERS AND HIS MEN REACH THE PASS HIGH ABOVE THE VALLEY

NOW, LADS, WE'RE GONNA THANK 'EM FOR LEADIN' US TO THE TREASURE.. **WITH HOT LEAD!** HA-HA-HA!



A SUDDEN BLAST OF SHOTS ECHOES THRU THE NARROW RAVINE.. **DUSTY GOES DOWN!**

WE'VE BEEN FOLLOWED!



DUSTY! ARE YA HIT?

NO! JUST PLAYING POSSUM! LISTEN...



THEY'VE GOT US TRAPPED AND OUT-NUMBERED! WE'RE IN A BAD SPOT.. YOU START SHOOTING.. DRIVE 'EM TO COVER TILL I GET STARTED UP THIS CLIFF!



UNDER COVER OF MIKE'S RAPID FIRE, **DUSTY STARTS UP THE ALMOST VERTICAL FACE OF THE CLIFF!**

WOW! A SLIP NOW WOULD BE CURTAINS!



OUT OF AMMUNITION, MIKE'S FIRE CEASES.. **BULLDOG'S QUICK TO GRASP THE ADVANTAGE**

ONE'S DOWN AND ONE'S OUT O' BULLETS IT'S NOW OR NEVER.. **RUSH 'EM, LADS, AND IT'S LOOT FOR US ALL!!**



YELLING WILDLY, TEETERS' MEN RUSH DOWN THE GORGE.. HIGH ABOVE, DUSTY STARTS A HAIL OF ROCKS UPON THEM...



WITH A CRACKING ROAR A HUGE SECTION OF THE CLIFF BREAKS OFF.

GREAT GUNS! I STARTED AN AVALANCHE!



TEETERS AND HIS VILLAINOUS CREW ARE ENTOMBED BENEATH A HUNDRED TONS OF ROCK

MIKE! ARE YOU..

YEAH.. I'M OKAY.. I GOT OUTTA THE WAY FAST WHEN THAT ROCK STARTED T'SLIDE!



MIKE, LOOKS LIKE WE'LL NEVER BE RICH... THE DIAMONDS ARE BURIED UNDER THAT ROCK!

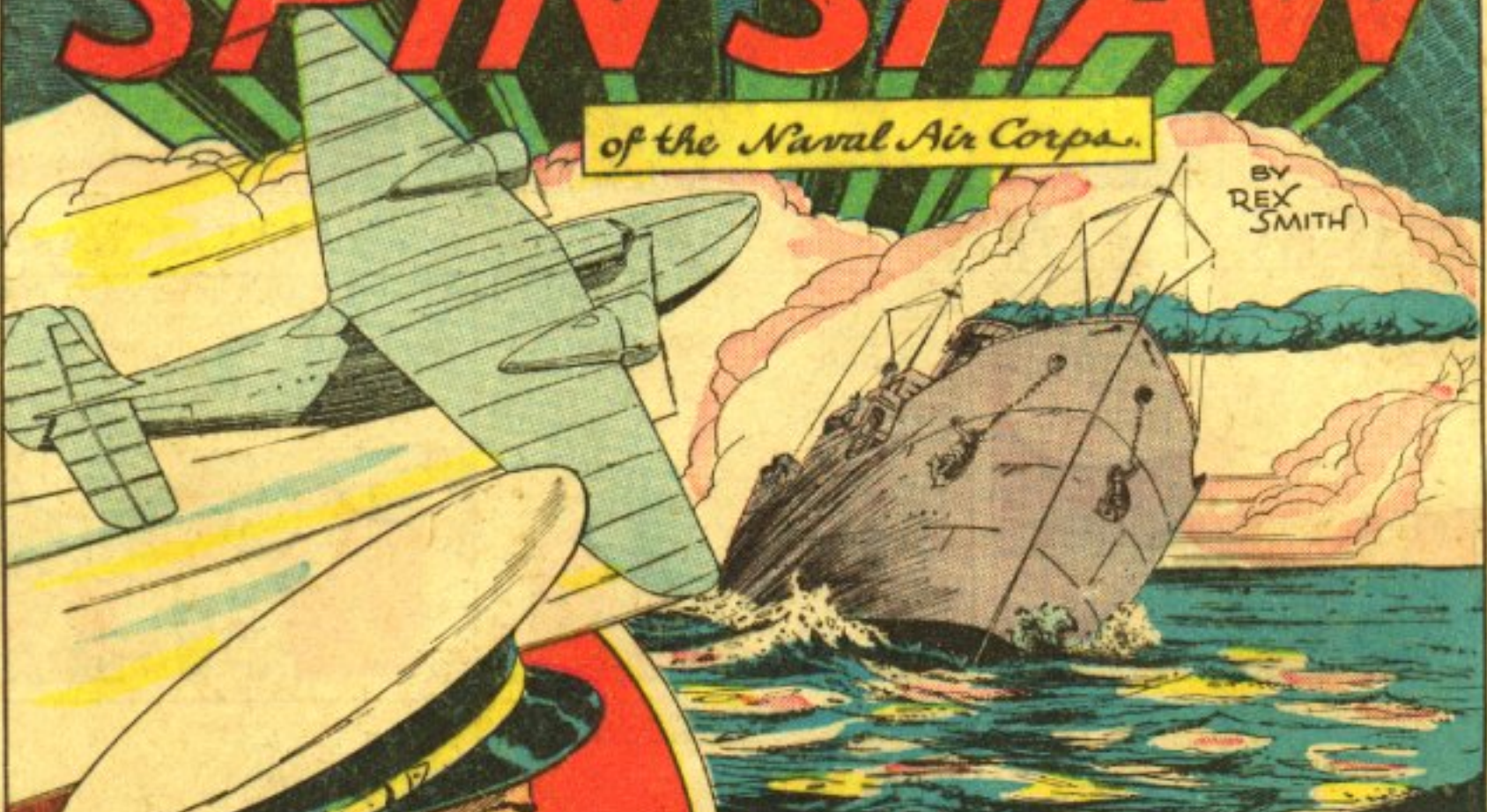
SO WHAT?! I'D RATHER BE THINKING ABOUT STONES THAN BE BURIED UNDER 'EM! **CHEER UP, PAL!**




SPIN SHAW

of the Naval Air Corps.


BY
REX
SMITH



WHEN A EUROPEAN TRANSGRESS
OR THREATENS THE SECURITY
OF OUR NAVY, SPIN SHAW LIKE
ALL LOYAL SEAMEN ACTS ON ONE
IMPULSE ONLY: TO PRESERVE
AND DEFEND AMERICAN SHORES.



HEY, SAILOR!
WARM UP
THE PLANE,
FAST!



YES? WHAT'S
THAT? IT IS?! I'LL
TEND TO IT
RIGHT
NOW!

JUMPING INTO A WAITING MOTOR LAUNCH, SPIN HEADS FOR HIS PLANE..



O.K.! LET 'ER GO!

ENEMY SPIES ABOARD OUR AMMUNITION CARRIER! THEY INTEND TO MUTINY. TAKE THE SHIP AND SAIL TO EUROPE. THEY WILL USE OUR GUNS AGAINST OUR FRIENDS!



ANGERED AT THE PLOT, SPIN PULLS THE STICK HARD. HIS SHIP NOSES INTO THE CLOUDS..



HE LEVELS OFF AND WINGS OUT OVER THE ATLANTIC..



WHILE ON THE AMMUNITION SHIP, HYPO, SAILING ALONG THE COAST, A BLOODY MUTINY IS FLARING..



KILL THEM ALL..AND DO NOT WASTE TOO MUCH POWDER DOIN' IT!



THE OFFICERS AND MEN MAKE A DESPERATE BUT FUTILE STAND..



LIEUTENANT, GET THE MEN ON THE BRIDGE.. WE'LL FIGHT FROM THERE!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

RESISTANCE IS USELESS.. THE LAST LOYAL SAILOR IS BEATEN TO THE DECK..



COME ON! WE'VE WORK TO DO!

ALL DOWN!

GET RID O' THE CORPSES! PUT THE REST IN THE BRIG!



A CALM FALLS OVER THE HYPO.. IT STEAMS ON AT FULL SPEED.. UNDER ALIEN HANDS..



SUDDENLY THE HYPO'S ENEMY
WHEEL-MAN STOPS IN ALARM.

LISTEN! AIRPLANE
MOTOR! WE'VE
BEEN FOLLOWED!

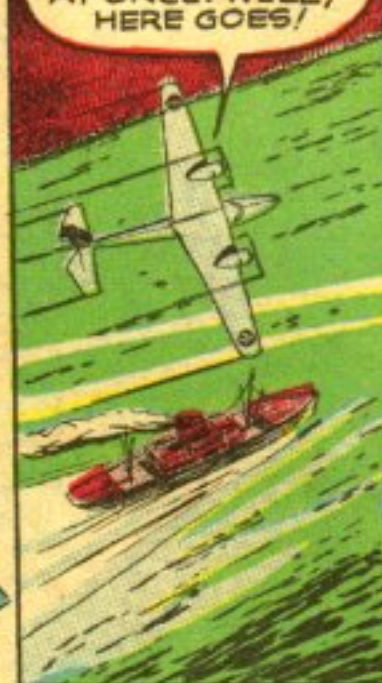
SO
WHAT?



I SAID, SO
WHAT?...WE'LL
TAKE CARE
OF HIM...TELL
HIM TO LAND!



H-M-M...THEY
SAY "URGENT..LAND
AT ONCE" WELL,
HERE GOES!



IN A CLOUD OF FOAM
SPIN SCOOT'S TO A
LANDING OFF THE PORT
SIDE.



BUT WHEN HE STEPS ON THE
HYPO'S DECK.

HA!
HA!

HEY!
WHAT
TH'?



THE UNITED
STATES NAVAL
AIR CORPS..LONG
MAY IT FLOP!
HA-HA-HA!

AW, GEE!
HE MADE
HIS PRETTY
UNIFORM
ALL DIRTY!
HA! HA!



YES? JUST TRY
THAT GAG
WHEN I'M
LOOKING!



THE AIR CORPS
STILL FLIES WITH
ITS FISTS... AT
RATS LIKE YOU!



SPIN WHIRLS... HIS TACKLER LOSES
HIS GRIP.

PERSISTENT
GUY, EH?
LOOSEN
UP!



LIKE A TYPHOON
THE HELPLESS SPY
PLOWS INTO HIS
OWN MEN . . .

NUMBSKULLED HALF-WITS!
STOP HIM, YOU FOOLS! HE'S
HEADING FOR THE
RADIO ROOM!



SPIN IS UNHINDERED AS
HE REACHES THE
WIRELESS . . .

IN WASHINGTON COLONEL
GRAVES IS FRANTIC . . .

SUDDENLY AN ORDERLY
RUSHES IN . .

IF ANYTHING
HAPPENS TO
SPIN . . . ORDERLY!
HAVE A BATTLE-
SHIP SENT
AFTER THE
HYPO!

WIRELESS FROM SPIN
SHAW, SIR! POSITION
HYPO. LATITUDE 42°
LONGITUDE 50°. MUTINY
ON BOARD. CREW DEAD
OR IMPRISONED. WILL
TRY. . . AND IT WUZ CUT
OFF THERE!



I'LL
CALL
COLONEL
GRAVES!



HAVEN'T HEARD
FROM SPIN. . .
OR FROM
THE HYPO
EITHER. . .
WHAT'S
WRONG?



THE ORDER IS OBEYED
IMMEDIATELY. . .

MEANWHILE IN THE RADIO
ROOM, SPIN FACES A NEW
ONSLAUGHT.

BUT THE LOYAL SAILORS
LOCKED IN THE BRIG BREAK
LOOSE. . .

C'MON! WE
BROKE IN
THE DOOR!
GET HIM!

LET'S
GO,
MEN!



AT THE SAME TIME SPIN SOCKS HIS WAY OUT OF THE RADIO ROOM.



AND LEAPS FOR THE DECK, WHERE THE LOYAL CREW IS ALREADY BATTLING THE SPIES.



AS SPIN PITCHES IN, HE IS CORNERED BY A VIOLENT ATTACK.



BUT...

TOO BAD! YOU'LL COOL OFF NOW!



THE SPY HURTTLES TO THE WATER TO BE FOLLOWED BY OTHERS WHO RESIST THE CREW.



WHEW! NOW WE'VE GOT TO MAKE IT BACK TO PORT.. POST HASTE!



A LOOK-OUT ON THE BRIDGE INTERRUPTS.

AMERICAN BATTLESHIP OFF STARBOARD BOW, CAP'N SHAW!

FINE! TELL SPARKS TO WIRE 'EM!



SPIN SHAW REPORTING... HYPO MUNITIONS SAFE.. ENEMY QUELLED.. EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL.. AWAIT YOUR ORDERS.

FINE WORK, SHAW, PROCEED TO BASE.. WE'LL ESCORT YOU!



BACK IN WASHINGTON.

WELL, SPIN, YOU FOOLED 'EM! BUT YOU HAD ME WORRIED FOR AWHILE! SEE THAT THAT DOESN'T HAPPEN AGAIN!

RIGHT, COLONEL GRAVES!

